FAMILY GUY

"And the Wiener Is..."

Production #2ACX22

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ANIMATIC REVISED (PINK)
March 8, 2000 *

ANIMATIC DRAFT (GREEN)
February 29, 2000

ACT ONE

EXT. FROZEN POND - DAY

SEVERAL PEOPLE ice skate on the pond. We eventually land on LOIS and MEG. Lois skates in a figure-eight.

LOIS

Look, Meg, I'm that pretty dark-

haired figure skater with the horse

teeth. You know, the one who got

what she had coming.

MEG

Nice figure-eight, Mom.

They skate off. QUAGMIRE skates over to the figure-eight. He jumps into the middle of the bottom half of the eight and does a pirouette. He jumps up to the top half and does the same thing. He then spikes the center of each with the front tip of his skate, then jumps out to admire his work. We see that he's created two perfect breasts, with nipples and areolae.

QUAGMIRE

All riiiight.

PAN OVER to a big snow-covered hill. At the top of the hill KEVIN is sitting on JOE's lap. His wheelchair has skis on the wheels. BONNIE stands behind them.

JOE

Okay, Bonnie, one-two-three push!

Bonnie pushes Joe's wheelchair. It flies down the hill, picking up incredible speed.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeaahh!

They hit a bump. Kevin flies off. Joe continues barreling down the hill, heading toward a jump, but wipes out a la the "agony of defeat" skier on "Wide World of Sports". He lands out of his chair at the bottom of the hill. Joe stands up and he smiles, exuberant. *

JOE (CONT'D)

My God, I can walk! It's a mira--

Suddenly, a tumbling Kevin nails Joe from behind. He clips Joe's feet out from under him, sending Joe flying. He lands on his head and collapses in a grotesque position.

KEVIN

Sorry, Dad.

JOE

(RESIGNED) Just get the chair.

ANGLE ON STEWIE and BRIAN having a snowball fight. Stewie lamely throws a snowball which misses Brian by a mile. Brian then throws a snowball which nails Stewie in the butt. Stewie brushes the snow from his ass.

STEWIE

(CHUCKLES) Good shot! Made my brown

eye blue with that one.

BRIAN

Yeah, next one's coming for your head!

STEWIE

(PLAYFULLY) Oh, no! No, Help! Oh

help!

Stewie runs behind a tree. Brian approaches and is poised to throw a snowball when Stewie steps out, wielding a bazooka.

BRIAN

What the hell...

STEWIE

Now is the winter of your discontent!

Stewie **fires** and Brian is creamed in the face with several rapid-fire snowballs. **ANGLE ON** PETER and CHRIS.

PETER

Hey Chris, wanna race?

Onyourmarkgetsetgo!

Peter takes off. Chris skates after him. As Peter skates, he points to a marker at the far end of the pond.

PETER (CONT'D)

(AS HE SKATES) First one to the marker where that Pakistani girl fell through the ice after coming to the States to get treatment for her severely burned face which she got when the man she refused to marry dumped sulfuric acid on her wins--I win!

Peter crosses the marker, followed by Chris.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! In your face! In your face!

CHRIS

(HAPPILY) In my face! In my face!

Just then, a badly burned hand **breaks** through from beneath the ice and grabs hold of Peter's leg.

Generah

PARTIAL LIFT

PETER

Ah! Acid girl! It's acid girl!!

Peter stomps at the marred hand with his other skate. The hand releases and returns under the ice.

INT. JAMES WOODS HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Meg walks up to a door with a hand-written sign which reads, "Cheerleading Try-Outs Today!"

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Several CHEERLEADERS, including CONNIE D'AMICO and GINA, all dressed in matching uniforms and holding clipboards, watch a group of normally dressed GIRLS go through an audition routine. Meg approaches Connie and the cheerleaders.

MEG

Hey, you guys.

LIFT — General

CONNIE

(UNENTHUSIASTIC) What do you want, Meg?

MEG

I'm here to try out for cheerleading.

ADJUST with Connie as she walks over to a wall.

CONNIE

(CHUCKLES MOCKINGLY) Let me show you something.

Connie reaches above frame and pulls down a chart. At the top it reads, "Popularity Food Chain." Connie whips out a collapsible pointer.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Here's your standard high school food chain. Okay, here's cheerleaders obviously on top, then jocks, guitar players, children of mobsters, kids with cars... (SCANNING DOWN, SOTTO) Nondescript drones, diabetics, drama geeks... Ah, here you are -- (POINTS TO AREA WHICH READS, "MEG") Just below the flag girl squad and just above that tub of dead frogs in the science lab.

MEG *

(GETTING IDEA) Flag girl? *

CONNIE *

(PATRONIZING) There you go. *

Connie pokes Meg along with the pointer. *

Lift — Generah *

Meg sees a sign that reads, "Flag Girl Try-Outs." We **PAN DOWN** the row of VARIOUS GIRLS. Each girl is average to attractive looking, save for one obvious flaw: one girl has dental head gear, the next has a wooden leg, the next has an incredibly large protruding ass, the fourth has mutton chops. The LAST GIRL has no visible flaws. Meg looks at her curiously. *

MEG

(TO LAST GIRL) Are you trying out for flag girl? *

LAST FLAG GIRL

(AD LIB HIDEOUSLY MUMBLED WORDS) *

As she speaks her tongue quickly unravels out of her mouth and hangs halfway down her shirt. She self-consciously stuffs her tongue back in her mouth.

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter takes aim and throws a dart at a dart board. He hits the bull's-eye. He addresses his unseen opponent.

PETER

Yes! I win again, Andy.

WIDEN TO REVEAL that Peter's opponent is ANDY CAPP.

ANDY CAPP

(RETRIEVING DARTS) C'mon, mate, one more before the Missus notices I'm not snoozin' on the couch.

MRS. CAPP (O.S.)

Too late.

PAN TO REVEAL MRS. CAPP in the doorway, wearing her raincoat and hair curlers, holding a rolling pin. She and Andy begin fighting in a cartoon cloud, with only their limbs and the occasional symbol (like #, &, %, @, etc.) protruding. The cloud moves toward the door, getting dangerously close to Quagmire.

PETER

Hey, hey, careful Quagmire, d-don't

get too close to that thing...

QUAGMIRE

What are you--- whoa!

Quagmire gets sucked into the cloud. A moment later he gets spit out, looking a little dazed and confused.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

What the hell? Did I just get laid?

Quagmire sits with Peter, Joe, and CLEVELAND.

JOE

(RE: DARTS) Nice game, Peter.

PETER

Yeah, I'm on a roll. I whupped Chris

on the ice today, too.

CLEVELAND

Enjoy it while it lasts. It's only

a matter of time before he beats you.

LIFT — Generah

PETER

What are you talkin' about? I'm *
better than him in in everything. *
Sports, video games, even magic *
tricks.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lois, Peter and Chris are watching TV. Chris playfully reaches for Peter's nose.

CHRIS

Aw-ha. I got your nose.

PETER

Oh, yeah?

He reaches over and pulls Chris' entire face off his skull, leaving a flat flesh patch behind.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, I got your face. Hehehe.

Peter holds Chris' face up to view his "faceless" body.

CHRIS FACE

Ahhhhhh!

Chris' body thrashes around the room, knocking over lamps, end tables, etc.

LOIS

(SIPPING HER TEA) Calm down, Chris.
It's only a trick.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLEVELAND

I don't know, Peter. Chris is becoming a man and you're way past your prime.

PETER

Get outta here. I'm in peak form. *

I can still eat twenty-five push-ups. *

Peter takes out a push-up popsicle and sucks it up, pushing the ice cream in his mouth in one quick motion. * *

PETER (CONT'D) *

(MOUTHFUL) One... *

He takes out another push-up and prepares to eat it. *

JOE

Face it, Peter, sooner or later you're gonna have to pass the torch. I remember the first time Kevin beat me. I was so proud of him.

During the following, Joe gazes off in the distance, wistfully.

JOE (CONT'D)

I gave him a little congratulatory punch in the arm. And then another, and then everything got a little hazy and Kevin went to live with a foster family for a while-- Anyway, it's inevitable.

PETER

Ah, don't feel bad, Joe. I think I know why your son beat you.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Apparently you're a twelve year old pre-pubescent girl. Which is good, 'cause I finally have someone to give this training bra to.

He pulls a small training bra out of his back pocket. He straps it on Joe.

PETER (CONT'D)

(PATTING JOE ON THE HEAD) There you go, Josephina. Does that feel good on your new budding bosoms?

Peter grabs Joe's cheeks and presses them together to make Joe's lips move.

PETER (CONT'D)

(HIGH-PITCHED VOICE) It sure does mister--

JOE

GET THE HELL OFFA ME!!!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is gathered around the table. Lois is getting dinner ready, half-watching the countertop TV.

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

RUDOLPH sits on an examining table, wearing a gown. A DOCTOR enters, holding a clipboard.

DOCTOR

Well, Rudolph, we finally figured out what makes your nose red.

RUDOLPH

(EAGERLY) Is it pixie dust? Or-r leprechaun tails?

DOCTOR

No, it's a tumor.

RUDOLPH

You mean, like a magical Christmas tumor?

DOCTOR

No, a malignant tumor. The base of which is lodged deep within your brain.

A beat.

RUDOLPH

I see. Like a happy, special-- *

DOCTOR

Rudolph, you're going to die.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois turns off the TV and sits at the table.

MEG

Hey everybody, guess what I am?

STEWIE

Oh, the end result of a drunken backseat grope-fest, and a broken prophylactic.

MEG

I'm on the flag girl squad!

LOIS

Oh, honey, congratulations!

ANGLE ON Peter. He's got a spoon stuck to his nose.

PETER

Hey, Chris, I bet ya can't do this.

CHRIS

I bet I can!

Chris puts a spoon on his nose.

MEG

We perform at all the football games!

I'm practically a cheerleader!

LOIS

Oh, Meg, that's wonderful. Isn't

that wonderful, Peter?

ANGLE ON Peter. He has several utensils stuck to his face, head, sticking out of his mouth, ears, hair, etc. Chris has matched him, fork for fork.

PETER

(TO MEG) Yeah, way to go, Stewie.

All right, Chris, I'll see your fork

and raise you a gravy ladle.

He takes a wet ladle and hangs it on his ear.

CHRIS

(LAUGHS) You're on!

Chris grabs the serving spoon from the mashed potatoes and sticks it to his head. **ANGLE ON** Brian and Stewie.

BRIAN

So, you're a, you're a flag girl.

That's great, Meg.

STEWIE

Yes, yes. (BEAT) Now you can be somewhere else when the boys don't call.

Brian and Stewie **snicker**, trying hard to suppress their **laughter** as they start to convulse. **ANGLE ON** Peter and Chris. They now have a pyramid of dishes, plates, glasses, and small appliances balanced on their heads.

PETER

All right, salt shaker, up the nose.

He sticks a salt shaker up his nose.

CHRIS

I got pepper!

Chris puts the pepper mill up his nose. He immediately **sneezes**, causing everything on him to **crash** to the floor.

PETER

I win!

CHRIS

That was fun, Dad!

PETER

I'm the man! Yeah! Yea--

Peter walks away with a self-satisfied smile. He trips and falls face forward.

PETER (CONT'D) *

Ahh! *

We hear a **thud** accompanied by **breaking glass, shattering plates**, etc. as Peter falls off camera. * *

PETER (O.S.) *

Lois, call the hospital, please. *

LOIS *

(STANDING) What happened? *

PETER (O.S.) *

Fork. *

LOIS *

Where? *

PETER (O.S.)

In my eye. *

LOIS *

(PEEKS OVER TABLE) How bad? *

PETER (O.S.) *

All the way in. *

Lois is frozen in panic. *

LOIS *

Uh, uh, oh, uh-- *

PETER (O.S.) *

Time's a factor, Lois. *

EXT./ESTAB. JAMES WOODS HIGH - NEXT DAY

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME

Meg, in her flag girl outfit, struts down the hallway. NEIL, the A.V. nerd, sees her and waves.

NEIL

Say Meg, looking sharp. You wanna go out tonight after the game?

MEG

Neil, I'm a Flag Girl now. I'm way too cool to be seen with you.

NEIL

Really? Not even if I smoke this corn cob pipe?

He produces an unlit corn cob pipe and sticks it in his mouth, striking a distinguished pose and **"puffing"** on it. Meg just stares at him, then brushes past him and approaches the cool clique -- Connie, Gina, Cheerleaders #3 (in their cheerleading outfits), SCOTT and DOUG (in letter jackets).

MEG

Hey, you guys. Are we all ready to cheer at the game tonight?

CONNIE

We? (RE: OUTFIT) Oh, you made flag girl, huh? (UNENTHUSIASTIC) Huh...

MEG

(RAPID FIRE) Yeah, so, this morning my mom was all like, Meg, don't forget your lunch. And I'm all like, Mom, I'm a flag girl now, I'm not gonna forget my lunch. And she's all like, Meg, don't forget your halftime routine at the game. (ROLLS EYES) Eh, Moms.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe we could all like hang out

after the game. Go, team!

Meg does a lame jump kick. She walks off, her head held high. They look at each other and shake their heads, amazed.

CONNIE *

Okay, this was cute in a sad way when *

it started, but now she's like a *

black fly in my chardonnay. *

GINA *

Isn't that ironic? *

CONNIE *

No, that's not irony. It's just *

she's like a bug in something I was *

going to drink, and now I can't drink *

it 'cause there's a bug in there. *

GINA *

So, what is that, like a homonym? *

EXT. JAMES WOODS HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

It's a cold night. (NOTE: EVERYONE IS DRESSED IN WINTER CLOTHES.) The Griffin family, except Meg, sits in the packed STANDS, watching the football game. Stewie purposely **exhales** to see his breath. He then mimes smoking a cigarette and exhales the "smoke."

STEWIE

Look at me! Look at me! I'm

smoking! Dog, dog, look, look.

Stewie "smokes" at Brian who takes a nip from a flask.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You know, alcohol doesn't really make you warmer.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

In fact, it constricts the blood vessels, causing--

BRIAN

Shut up.

Stewie turns to Lois, aghast.

STEWIE

The dog just told me to shut up. I demand to know what you plan to do about this. (TUGS ON HER SCARF) Hey! Hey! The dog just told me--

LOIS

(ANNOYED) Be quiet, Stewie!

Stewie stares at her incredulous, then turns and mimes taking another **drag** from a "cigarette". After he **exhales**:

STEWIE

Freezing my nips off out here.

LOIS

Oh, look, there's Meg. Meg!

ANGLE ON Meg, on the sidelines. She looks away, embarrassed.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) MEG! (INHUMAN SHRIEK)

MEEEEGGGGG!

Meg turns away, mortified. She spots Connie, Gina, Doug and Scott waving at her. She waves back excitedly. They wave back, smiling. We hear a **whistle** signaling halftime. The football teams jog off the field for the locker room as we **PAN UP** to the little plywood announcer's booth atop the stands, where a FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER speaks into a microphone. *

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER

And that's the end of the first half.

Heh, isn't this exciting, folks.

Just like on TV, except the players

are smaller and very unskilled.

People in the bleachers glance up over their shoulders, curious.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

They can't throw very well and

there's not one kid down there who

can kick a ball more than fifteen

yards. This is a, a great way to

spend a Friday night, isn't it, huh?

Hmm. And I'm not drunk or anything. *

Who needs women? Certainly not me.

I said it. I'm not inferior to you.

And I will not be hurt again by you *

or by anyone. I'm in control of that *

now. I'm completely in control of *

it. So put your hands together for *

our Flag Girls!

Meg turns to the other flag girls.

MEG

Here we go!

The MARCHING BAND **plays "Electric Avenue"** as the flag girls march onto the field and do their routine. They enthusiastically wave and spin their flags. **ANGLE ON** the family. Lois smiles proudly.

LOIS

Oh Peter, isn't she beautiful?

PETER

(LOOKING O.S.) Yeah, but I think she's with that guy. They've been holding hands all night.

LOIS

I mean Meg!

PETER

Oh, oh, oh yeah. She's hot.

ANGLE ON Meg, smiling as she looks into the stands where her new friends are now gone. **ANGLE ON** under the bleachers where Connie, Gina, Scott, and Doug tug on ropes and pulleys which lead up the side of the bleachers to several buckets on spring-adjusted catapults. Scott ties a bucket onto a catapult.

GINA *

This oughta knock her down a couple *

notches. *

CONNIE *

I can't wait to see her face. *

SCOTT

This meat stinks somethin' fierce!

ANGLE ON the field where the flag girls make a wide arc, leaving Meg alone in the center. She does a solo routine and climaxes as she struggles to lower herself into the splits. * Everyone in the stands **cheers**. Just then, chunks of raw stringy meat hail from the sky, nailing Meg with a **splat**. Meg's in shock. Everyone in the bleachers goes silent. After a beat, the fans point and **laugh** at Meg. Lois looks on, concerned. Lois **gasps**. *

PETER

Yay, Meg! (TO LOIS) I love how these

kids celebrate these days.

He takes his hot dog and wings it at Meg, hitting her.

EXT./ESTAB. YMCA - NEXT DAY

INT. BASKETBALL GYMNASIUM - SAME

Peter and Chris play one-on-one while Brian referees. Peter and Chris look sweaty and exhausted.

BRIAN *

The score is tied. Next basket wins. *

Chris, you might finally beat your *

old man. *

PETER *

What're you talkin' about, "old man?" *

I'm the white Larry Bird! *

Chris drives to the basket, knocks Peter over, and sinks a lay-up. * *

PETER (CONT'D)

Come on, ref, that's charging!

BRIAN

Your feet were moving. No foul.

PETER

No foul?! That's a stupid call!

PETER (CONT'D)

A-and I know something about stupid

calls.

INT. GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lois is sitting on the couch. The phone **rings** and Lois picks it up.

LOIS

Hello?

PETER (V.O., ON PHONE)

Uh, Lois, I can't take out the

garbage because I'm at the office and

they're making me stay late.

LOIS

Peter, the Caller ID says you're

calling from the kitchen, in fact...

She turns toward the kitchen. We can see that Peter is in the kitchen eating a turkey leg.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I can see you.

Peter sees Lois looking at him and quickly takes a step backwards so he's out of her line of sight.

PETER

Can, can you see me now?

LOIS

No.

PETER

Okay, now I'm at the office.

INT. BASKETBALL GYMNASIUM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian **bounces** the ball to Chris who **dribbles** it inbounds. Peter guards him closely.

PETER *

Whatcha got? Huh, huh?! *

Chris drives past Peter for a lay-up.

PETER (CONT'D)

(CALLS OUT) Your mom and I are *

getting a divorce!

Chris hears this and mis-shoots the ball, which bounces off the rim and right into Peter's hands. Peter shoots...

CHRIS

(NEAR TEARS) You are?

Peter's shot goes in. He jumps around, ecstatic.

PETER

Yes! Yes! (STOPS) Oh, no, we worked

it out. (JUMPS AGAIN) Yes!

CHRIS

All right, Dad! You won, and we're

still a family! Yay!

INT. OUTSIDE OF YMCA STEAM ROOM - DAY

Peter and Chris, wrapped in towels, head for the steam room.

PETER

Well son, you played good, but your dad is still number one.

He opens the door to:

INT. YMCA STEAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Chris enter. *

CHRIS

Yeah, I don't think I'll ever beat you.

Chris drops his towel (we see Chris from behind). Peter's eyes widen when he sees Chris' crotch.

Partial Dialogue Lift — General *

PETER

Hey, Chris, what's with your leg? *

(REALIZING) Oh my god, that's not your leg!

Peter accidentally drops his towel, but quickly and self-consciously covers himself with it. * *

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

General Rearrangement *

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT *

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME *

The room is dark. Lois sits up and turns on the light. *

LOIS *

What's wrong, honey? *

PETER *

I'll tell ya what's wrong. I'm tryin' to make love to you and you're thinking about Chris. *

LOIS *

(BEAT) Peter, i-is there something you need to tell me? *

PETER *

Thanks to you, our son has a huge wang. *

LOIS *

Thanks to me? *

PETER *

Well, he didn't get it from me! *

LOIS *

What are you talking about? *

PETER *

I'll show ya! *

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

Chris is sound asleep. Peter and Lois tip-toe over to him. *

PETER *

Stand back, Lois. *

Peter gently lifts up the covers. *

LOIS *

Oh my! Well no wonder he's always * slouching. *

PETER *

How the hell did this happen, Lois? * I'm supposed to be the man of the * house. You must be so ashamed of me. *

LOIS *

Peter, I care as much about the size * of your penis as you care about the * size of my breasts. *

PETER *

(DISTRAUGHT) Oh my God! *

Peter runs out of the room. *

Lift General *

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family eats dinner. Meg sits with her arms crossed, looking glum. Peter stares into space as he chews.

LOIS

Meg, honey, you can't let those awful kids get to you.

MEG

Oh, they won't. Because I'm never going back to that school again.

General Rearrangement *

CHRIS *

Hey, Dad, after dinner can you help me with my algebra? *

PETER *

You're a big man. You figure it out. *

LOIS

Meg, you're not quitting school. *

General Lift *

LOIS (CONT'D) *

You know, I bet there's a part of you *
that really wants to be friends with
them.

MEG

(BEGRUDGINGLY) Maybe...

LOIS

So be nice to them. Win your enemies
over with unflappable kindness.
Chris, drink your milk. It'll make
you big and strong--

PETER

No! No more milk for him, Lois!
He's had enough. Gimme that.

Peter grabs the carton and downs the whole thing, spilling a good deal of it. They all look at him.

STEWIE

Megan, you must try the brisket.
Allow me to serve it in the manner to
which you're accustomed.

Stewie flings a fork of brisket at Meg, **splattering** her face. Meg runs out in tears.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hmm, just wait 'til I'm in school.
I dare say I'll be one of the cool
kids.

INT. RIDGEMONT HIGH CLASSROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY) *

Stewie, in an orange Hawaiian shirt, sits at a desk in the front of the class with a pizza box in front of him. He takes out a slice. MR. HAND stands nearby looking at him. * * *

STEWIE *

Well, I've been thinking Mr. Hand, *

if you're here, and I'm here, doesn't *

that make it our time? And certainly *

there's nothing wrong with a little *

feast on our time. *

Stewie leans in to the GIRL next to him. *

STEWIE (CONT'D) *

I'm so wasted. *

EXT. JAMES WOODS HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

SEVERAL KIDS walk to their cars. Gina, Connie, Scott and Doug stand around Connie's car listening to the radio.

Lift Generah *

Meg approaches them.

MEG

Hi, you guys!

They turn to see Meg, waving.

GINA

Oh, god, it's her.

CONNIE

Look, about the other night--

MEG

Oh, that was hilarious. I just wish I'd known ahead of time. I would've brought potato salad. Hehehehe.

They **laugh** faintly, confused. Meg holds up a sheet of paper.

MEG (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys want tomorrow's biology test?

SCOTT *

(IMPRESSED) How'd you get that? *

MEG *

I spent the night with Mr. Berler. *

INT. MR. BERLER'S BEDROOM - DAWN *

Mr. Berler is in bed, clutching a large crucifix and a string of garlic. Meg sits in a chair next to the bed, fighting to stay awake. Meg holds a wooden stake and a mallet. The sun rises in the window. Mr. Berler sits up in bed, relieved. *

MR. BERLER *

The sun's up. I'm safe for another *

night. Thanks, Meg. *

EXT. JAMES WOODS HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Meg hands Connie the test.

CONNIE

(SHOCKED) Wow. Thanks.

MEG

I also snagged some tardy slips.

(HANDS THEM SLIPS) See ya!

Meg walks off, leaving Connie and the gang stunned.

CONNIE

Wow. That was kinda cool. *

GINA *

Yeah. *

SCOTT

(BEAT) Hey, wanna go push the janitor

knowing he can't legally push us back?

DOUG

Sure.

They exit excitedly, **ad-libbing** their enthusiasm.

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BATHROOM - SAME

Peter and Brian stand at two urinals, staring at the wall in front of them. Peter finishes first and turns. Brian looks down. *

BRIAN

What the hell is that? *

ANGLE TO REVEAL that Peter is covering his crotch area with a Groucho mask. *

PETER

Hey, they're laughing anyways. I *

figure I might as well make it look *

planned. *

BRIAN

Look, Peter, you're overreacting to this Chris stuff. I mean, mine goes inside of me when I stand up. How do you think I feel?

Peter **sighs.**

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Peter, Chris, and Lois are grocery shopping. Peter is holding Stewie. Chris picks up a bunch of plaintains.

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, look at these little bananas. (LAUGHS)

PETER

Why you smug little bastard.

LOIS

Peter! (THEN, FOR PETER'S BENEFIT) Chris, these are plaintains. And there's nothing wrong with them. In fact, a lot of women prefer them to normal-sized bananas. Because they're exotic and flavorful and very, very special.

She puts the plaintains in the cart and smiles at Peter.

PETER

Aw sure, Lois, all the sorority girls are clamoring for the plaintain section. Stop with thiiiis!

He holds his hand out and rapidly opens and closes it, like a flapping mouth. He storms off.

CHRIS

Is Dad mad at me?

LOIS

Of course not, honey. Now go pick out a box of cereal and meet me at the ten inches or less line.

Chris runs off.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(CALLING TO CHRIS) Items!

ANGLE ON a different aisle. Lois enters to see Peter strutting past a group of WOMEN, showing off the huge bulge in his pants. The women stare and double-take at Peter's bulge.

PETER

(TO WOMEN) Nice, huh? Huh? Yeah. Ya like this?

LOIS

Stop it, Peter, you're embarrassing me. Look, I know you're upset, but you've gotta find a better way of dealing with-- (LOOKING AROUND) Oh my god. Where's Stewie?

PETER

He's around.

The bulge in Peter's pants starts to squirm and we see the imprint of a hand pushing out.

STEWIE

(MUFFLED) Let me out of this stink-filled corduroy dungeon!

LOIS

Peter, that's sick!

PETER

It's okay, he's outside the underwear.

Formerly on page 34-36

Generah *

EXT. PENILE ENHANCEMENT CLINIC - DAY *

Peter walks up the sidewalk towards the door. A sign reads, "Sequoia Penile Enhancement Clinic". Smaller letters below it read, "If you can read this sign, your penis is too small." * * * *

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY *

Peter stands as a DOCTOR kneels beside him, holding cardboard cards up to Peter's crotch (we see the back of the cards). *

DOCTOR *

You can choose any model from our popular Gargantuan Line. (AS HE FLIPS CARDS) "The Soup Can." "Ol' Hickory." Or the (A LA JOHNNY CARSON) "hmm, mmm-ho stand-mmm-back." Any questions? *

PETER *

Yeah. Is this gonna hurt? *

DOCTOR *

Let me put it this way, Mr. Griffin. You ever play sports? *

PETER *

Oh yeah, I played high school hockey. *

DOCTOR *

You ever wear a cup with an athletic supporter? *

PETER *

Of course. *

DOCTOR *

Well, this'll be like if we laid you down, gingerly removed the cup and jammed two steel rods into your crank. *

PETER *

(TO HIMSELF) Two steel rods, huh? *

Peter explodes into a sprint for the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

Eeeeh!

TOM TUCKER approaches the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Well, Mr. Tucker, you must be happy with your new implant.

Tom looks down his pants and smiles.

TOM TUCKER

Yeah, he's a beaut.

Tom starts to put his hand down his pants. The Doctor grabs his arm.

DOCTOR

Don't touch it! No! No, no. It can never be touched again.

Tom smiles at the doctor like he's joking. The Doctor stares back, serious. Tom drops his smile.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

CLOSE ON an extremely confident-looking Peter, who's behind the wheel of a car. He waves to a SALESMAN who's by a sign which reads "Jim's Exotic Cars".

SALESMAN

Enjoy your new car, Mr. Griffin.

PETER

Thanks, Jim.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL he's driving an extremely long, phallic-shaped, red sports car. Peter drives off the lot and pulls up next to a MAN in a compact car. Peter **snickers.**

PETER (CONT'D)

(TO MAN) Hey! Hey, w-when you pull

that thing into your garage, does the

garage say, "Is it--is it in yet?"

Peter **laughs** triumphantly and **peels** away. He turns onto the highway and floors it, **laughing.** He sees a tunnel up ahead and brings the car to a stop in front of it. *

PETER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, baby. I'll be gentle.

Peter **revs** the engine and drives into the tunnel. We hear the sound of **brakes,** then Peter's car backs out of the tunnel. He then charges back into the tunnel. Then exits in reverse. Drives back in. Exits. Drives in. The speed and intensity of this "thrusting" increases until Peter reverses into an oncoming eighteen-wheeler. They **crash**! The eighteen-wheeler is fine, but Peter's car has been accordianed down to a driver's seat and a small tip for a hood. Peter gets out and pushes the car to the side of the road as a bus approaches. The side of the bus reads "Supermodel Tour 2000!". The BIKINI-CLAD GIRLS point and **laugh** at Peter and his car as they pass. *

PETER (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Ow. My pride.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lois washes dishes. Stewie sits in a hi-chair. Meg enters, excited. *

MEG

Mom! You were right! I was nice to

the cool kids and they didn't spit on

me! Connie D'Amico even invited me

to her Sweet Sixteen!

LOIS

Oh, how wonderful. Now, what time do we nail those sonsabitches? *

MEG

Nail them? I thought you told me to win them over with kindness. *

LOIS

Yes, and now that they think you're their friend, it's the perfect time to exact your revenge. *

MEG

Revenge? *

LOIS

See Meg, I'm like one of those bald eagles you see on the Discovery Channel: beautiful to look at, but mess with one of my chicks, and I'll use my razor-sharp talons to rip your fucking eyes out. *

A bell timer **dings** just in time to bleep out the word "fuck." * Lois pulls a tray of cookies from the oven. *

LOIS (CONT'D) *

(SWEETLY) Cookies are done. Who wants chocolate chip? *

STEWIE *

Yes, I do. But keep talking, all * this stuff about eye gouging has * gotten me aroused. (BITES INTO * COOKIE, TURNS TO MEG) Really. I've * got about a half a pack of Rolaids in * my diaper. *

EXT./ESTAB. DOWNTOWN QUAHOG - DAY

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - SAME

Peter walks down the street, dejected. Peter stops in front of a billboard. The billboard shows a hot woman hanging onto a man with a large rifle. The sign reads, "A real man packs heat. Join the NGA." **PAN DOWN** from the sign with an arrow that points to the building below. The sign on the building reads, "National Gun Association." Peter's face shows a glimmer of hope and he enters.

INT. GUN CLUB - TARGET RANGE - DAY

JACK GREEN, the brawny president of the gun club, leads Peter into the shooting range. Jack shouts over the **noise of the guns.**

JACK

I'm glad you're interested in joining

the National Gun Association, Peter.

Let me show you around. This is our

shooting range.

A line of SHOOTERS aim at different targets, including a MAN **shooting** a normal target; a BLIND GUY **shooting** at the side of a barn; a STORMTROOPER **shooting** at targets in the shape of Star Wars movie characters (the Stormtrooper misses terribly); and a RACE STARTER **shooting** at a target on the ceiling. A SWIMMER dives into the water and starts swimming.

INT. GUN CLUB - HALLWAY - DAY

Peter and Jack walk down the hall.

JACK

Guns give you a sense of control, a sense of power. You think you'd like that?

PETER

Yeah, that's what I'm looking for.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the f.g. we see GUYS (from the waist up only) showering in a communal shower. In the b.g. there is an entrance. Jack and Peter appear.

JACK

And here we have our locker room with full shower facilities.

Peter looks down at the guys' waists. He squints.

PETER

(SOTTO) Holy crap, they're all so...

(PLEASED) small!

Partial Dialogue Lift — General *

JACK *

Well you see, Peter, the way we look at it, a man's only as big as the gun he carries. *

PETER

(TO JACK) Sign me up, Jack! And give me the biggest freakin' gun you got! *

Peter pulls his waistband away from his belly.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey Stewie, you can come out now.

From **PETER'S P.O.V.** we see Stewie, wearing reading glasses, as he lounges inside Peter's pants reading a paperback with a tiny penlight. He squints up at Peter, blinded by the natural light.

STEWIE

Aah! Turn off the light! I'm

reading a ghost story.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - DAY

Peter and Brian take in the serene blue sky.

PETER

Pull!

Brian throws something into the air. Peter follows it with his rifle and **shoots**, obliterating it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! (DRAMATICALLY RECOCKS GUN)

Who's the big man now, huh?!

Brian takes two CDs out of a box next to him.

BRIAN

Madonna or Janet Jackson?

PETER

Uh, which Janet Jackson?

BRIAN

"Velvet rope."

PETER

Yeah, that one. Pull!

Brian throws the CD high into the air. Peter shoots it and blows it to pieces. *

Lift — Generah *

Lois's pulls up in the car and gets out carrying a tube of blueprints.

LOIS

Peter, what the hell are you doing with that thing?

PETER

(COY) You wanna touch it? Go on. Gotta be careful, though. We don't want it to get too excited and go off in your hair.

LOIS

I don't want that in my home. What if Stewie were to see it?

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A blindfolded Stewie is standing behind a table with a disassembled rifle on it. He reaches out and starts a timer. He then rapidly begins assembling the components. He finishes, punches the clock, lifts his blindfold, and checks his time.

STEWIE

Dammit!

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris comes out of the house. No one notices him.

LOIS

Oh, this is pathetic. And all because you feel inadequate next to Chris.

PETER

Don't be stupid. I don't need to compete with my son or his freakishly large penis.

Chris looks down at himself, worried. He runs toward the house and meets up with Stewie on his way out. *

CHRIS

I'm a freak.

STEWIE

Well, don't despair. Let's just hang a tire on the end of it and head on down to the ol' swimmin' hole.

Chris runs in the house. *

INT. MEG'S ROOM - DAY

Meg sits on her bed. Lois enters with the blueprints and rolls them out in front of Meg.

LOIS

Okay, listen up. Connie D'Amico's house is two stories. Now, if we set up booby-traps here, here, and--

MEG

How'd you get these blueprints?

LOIS

(MISCHIEVOUSLY) Oh, your mother has her ways. She has her ways.

INT. CITY HALL OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lois walks up to a clerk. (In the b.g. we see a sign that reads, "Quahog City Hall.")

LOIS

Can I have the blueprints to the

D'Amico house?

CLERK

Sure, here you go.

He hands her the blueprints.

INT. MEG'S ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS *

Now, I've put together a little flash *

bomb to create a diversion. *

Lois reaches down and picks up a small flashpot device which she puts on Meg's bed. * *

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SMILING PROUDLY) I used to date the *

pyro guy from Whitesnake. *

MEG *

What's Whitesnake? *

LOIS *

That's music mommies and daddies *

listen to. (THEN:) Fire in the hole. *

Lois sets off the flashpot and a blinding white light covers the room. * *

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Chris sits inside the pew, praying. A CLERGYMAN approaches Chris. *

CLERGYMAN

You look troubled, my child.

CHRIS

My dad doesn't like me anymore.

CLERGYMAN

Oh, I doubt that's true.

CHRIS

Yeah, it is. My big penis makes him uncomfortable.

The Clergyman's eyes widen. *

CLERGYMAN

Well... Uh, well, perhaps it would help if you became an altar boy?

CHRIS

(CONFUSED) How would that help?

CLERGYMAN

Uh...um... I-I don't know. But, but * please be an altar boy. It'll be so much fun.

CHRIS

But I don't even belong to this church.

The Clergyman makes some magician-like gestures with his * hands.

CLERGYMAN

There. Now you're an official member!

Chris looks mistrustfully at the Clergyman, then runs away. * The Clergyman turns to see an OLDER CLERGYMAN looking at him, * reproachfully.

CLERGYMAN (CONT'D)

(ANGRY AND ANNOYED) I know, I know, I'm going to hell.

EXT./ESTAB. GUN CLUB PRESIDENT'S HOME - NIGHT

INT. GUN CLUB PRESIDENT'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

The walls are lined, floor to ceiling, with dead, stuffed animals and guns. Peter and Lois stand with Jack.

JACK

Peter, some of the guys from the club

are going hunting tomorrow.

PETER

Count me in.

LOIS

Hunting? I thought you were gonna

play hockey with Chris.

JACK

Well, you can bring him along.

LOIS

Oh, no, it's too dangerous.

JACK

Lois, Lois, the National Gun *

Association is all about safety. *

Especially when it comes to kids.

Take a look at our new video.

He indicates a TV and pushes a remote. **PUSH IN ON** the TV. *
A title card reads, "The NGA presents: Gun Safety and You." *

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV) *

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Let's face it. Your kids are gonna

get into your guns. That's a fact.

A FATHER is asleep on the couch, his gun tucked loosely into *
his pants. A LITTLE KID crawls up on him, takes the gun, and *
starts playing with it. *

INT. STUDIO - DAY (ON TV)

The ANNOUNCER wearing a suit, stands beside a five foot high, fake brick wall.

ANNOUNCER

(TO CAMERA) Gun accidents can be

avoided by introducing your children

to guns as early as possible.

We **PAN** left, where the Announcer's hand rises from behind the wall, holding a little GUN PUPPET. The puppet speaks to a YOUNG BOY who sits on the wall a la Sesame Street.

PETEY THE PISTOL

Hi, I'm Petey the Pistol. Say, do

you ever get lonely?

YOUNG BOY

(ADORABLY) Yes.

PETEY THE PISTOL

Me too. Hold me.

The Young Boy reaches over and gives Petey a big hug.

PETEY THE PISTOL (CONT'D)

If you squeeze me, I make bad people

go away.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY (ON TV)

An EARNEST GUY walks along, then stops and addresses the camera.

EARNEST GUY

But wait a minute, I thought guns

were bad.

We **FREEZE FRAME ON** him and the **PICTURE GOES FROM COLOR TO BLACK AND WHITE.** A red rubber stamp-like graphic appears across the guy's face which reads, "FALSE."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

False! Guns are good. In fact, did

you know that Jesus and Moses used

guns to conquer the Romans?

EXT. DESERT - DAY (ON TV)

ROMANS charge up a hill. JESUS and MOSES spray them down with an AK-47. Under the scene, the word "Dramatization" flashes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

A happy family made up of the actors in the previous segements are gathered in a tableau around a fireplace in a nice middle class living room. The Announcer enters and joins them.

ANNOUNCER

So remember: Guns don't kill people,

dangerous minorities do.

We see a cyron over the tableau in huge letters reading, "NGA". A block of illegibly small type appears below.

VOICE OVER

(RAPID FIRE) Warning: Guns are

extremely dangerous. Do not

purchase, own, clean, operate, or be

near guns at any time.

INT. GUN CLUB PRESIDENT'S LIVING ROOM (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

See, Lois, they're responsible.

LOIS

But I'm always reading about gun-related accidents and injuries.

JACK

(CHUCKLES) Oh, those are greatly exaggerated.

JUNIOR, an 11 year old boy with a patch over his left eye, enters. Lois smiles at the boy nervously.

JUNIOR

(TO LOIS & PETER) Hello sir. Ma'am.

PETER

Aye matey! What kinda pirate are you?

LOIS

(MORTIFIED, SOTTO) Peter...

JUNIOR

I lost my eye.

LOIS

Was it... gun-related?

Partial Dialogue Lift — General *

JACK

Oh, lord no. Fishing accident.

BEVERLY, Jack's one-armed wife enters. *

BEVERLY

Dinner's almost ready.

Partial Dialogue Lift — Generah *

JACK

Ah, my Bev is the best one-armed cook *
in the county.

LOIS

If you don't mind me asking, how
did you-- *

BEVERLY *

Lose my arm? Accident at the mill. *

LOIS

Oh.

BEVERLY

(CALLING OFF) Julie, dinner time.

JACK

Oh, uh, honey, Julie won't be joining
us. You know that.

Beverly sits down, sad. Peter and Lois look at Jack curiously.

Partial Dialogue Lift — Generah *

JACK (CONT'D)

Our daughter. Shot her in the face *
thinking she was an intruder. Mmm, *
that food smells great. Let's eat! *

Beverly smiles weakly.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The woods are snowy. Jack and a couple of other CLUB MEMBERS fan out into the woods. Peter and Chris are a little behind them.

PETER

Hey, check it out, Chris. I can

write my name in the snow!

Chris watches as Peter **shoots** his rifle repeatedly into the snow, writing his name in beautiful cursive.

CHRIS

This is fun, Dad.

PETER

Son, son. I told you, out here in

the wilderness, call me Rooster

Cogburn.

CHRIS

You know, Rooster, I was startin' to

think you didn't like me anymore--

PETER

(INTERRUPTING) Chris, look! Tracks.

There must be a deer around here.

CHRIS

Well, those are snowmobile tracks.

PETER

Shh, there he is.

ANGLE ON a DEER sitting on a parked snowmobile. He drinks coffee from a thermos. Peter **steps** on a twig. The deer bolts up, tosses his coffee, and takes off in the snowmobile.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah, such grace...

Peter and Chris walk on.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's the thing about hunting. You gotta be patient-- Oh, my god. Look at that.

ANGLE ON a TURKEY walking through the grass.

PETER (CONT'D)

Chris, we've discovered some kind of freakish monster bird.

CHRIS

That's a turkey.

PETER

(SHAKING HIS HEAD) Where do I begin? (PATRONIZING) First of all, turkeys don't have heads, or feathers. And they certainly can't walk...

CHRIS

Dad, it's a turkey in the wild.

PETER

When we get home, I'm gonna want the names of all your teachers. Now, step back and let your dad kill this hideous afterthought of nature.

Peter raises his rifle. We hear a horrifying **growl** of a BEAR off screen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh-oh. That sounds like his mother.

Peter and Chris turn to see a huge bear on all fours behind them.

PETER AND CHRIS

Ahhh!

EXT./ESTAB. CONNIE D'AMICO'S HOUSE - DAY

INT. CONNIE D'AMICO'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

A banner reads, "Happy Sweet Sixteen, Connie." *

HIGH SCHOOLERS party in the living room. Meg stands with a group of boys, **laughing**. She sees Lois outside the window, waving wildly to her. Meg slips over to the window and opens it.

LOIS

Here. Put this in the fish tank and *

set it off in five minutes. *

Lois holds up one of the flash bombs. Meg doesn't take it. *

MEG

I changed my mind. I'm not doing it.

These people are my friends now.

LOIS

After they pelted you with meat? Did

you forget how the neighbor kids

chased after you and tried to

sprinkle you with fixin's?

MEG

(WHISPERS INTENSELY) Yes I did!

Meg shuts the window and rejoins the others.

CONNIE

Okay, now we're gonna play Seven

Minutes In Heaven.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

And it's my party, so I want Doug to go in the closet with... Meg!

Doug takes Meg's hand and leads her into the closet.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Have fun!

Partial Lift — General *

Connie shuts the door. Everyone **titters** and a couple people pull out cameras.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, everyone get ready. Say

"hello" to the lovers!

Connie opens the closet to reveal Doug holding a pig, which Meg is making out with. Cameras flash as the kids point and **laugh**. Meg sees the pig and **screams**. The startled pig **squeals**, then wiggles out of Doug's hands and runs off. *

GINA

I don't know who should be more

humiliated, Meg or the pig!

More **laughs**. Meg runs out of the house **crying**.

SCOTT

(TO GINA) Meg, you idiot.

CONNIE

Yeah, definitely Meg.

DOUG

'Cause like, the pig doesn't know

what's going on.

GINA

(BEAT, THEN) Yeah, I guess it would

be Meg, huh? (SUPERIOR) Stupid Meg.

EXT. CONNIE D'AMICO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meg runs out of the house, **bawling**. Lois pulls up in the car and pushes open the passenger door for her. Meg gets inside.

MEG

(CRYING) Mom, you were right! I should've just stuck to the plan.

LOIS

Well, I figured you might get soft on me, so I hired an old friend to scar them for life.

INT. CONNIE D'AMICO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a knock at the door. Connie opens it, revealing Quagmire, holding a martini.

QUAGMIRE

Hi there, Sweetie, how old are you?

CONNIE

Sixteen.

QUAGMIRE

Eighteen? You're first.

CONNIE

Mom?

QUAGMIRE

I like where this is going.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Peter and Chris stare in horror as the bear slowly advances on them.

PETER

Don't worry, Chris! I'll handle the bear! (RAISES THE GUN) Say hello to Satan for me!

The bear **roars** and rears up on its hind legs. Peter **yelps**, and shakes in fear. The bear **roars** again and bats the gun out of his hand. **WE ZOOM IN** on Peter's terrified face as the **SCREEN FLASHES TO WHITE.**

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

INFANT PETER is being held by HIS MOTHER.

DOCTOR

It's a boy, Mrs. Griffin.

INT. PETER'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PETER (AGE 4) stands in front of a ball, trying to kick it but keeps missing. A FAMILY DOCTOR stands nearby talking to his Mom.

FAMILY DOCTOR

I'm afraid the fever has affected his

motor skills, Mrs. Griffin.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PETER (AGE 9) sits dully in a chair next to his Mom. A TEACHER looks at her gravely.

TEACHER

Looks like he's going to have to

repeat the fourth grade, Mrs. Griffin.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PETER (AGE 10) sits dully next to his mother as a SECOND TEACHER looks at her gravely.

SECOND TEACHER

Looks like he's going to have to

repeat the fourth grade, Mrs. Griffin.

INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PETER (AGE 19) sits dully in a chair as a NURSE speaks to him.

NURSE

The only way to get rid of them is with this special shampoo and a tiny comb, Mr. Griffin.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Present day Peter sits in front of a THIRD TEACHER.

THIRD TEACHER

Congratulations, you've passed the fourth grade, Mr. Griffin.

PETER

Great! Listen, I gotta leave, I'm going hunting with my son.

THE SCREEN FLASHES TO WHITE, then **DISSOLVES TO:**

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter is still paralyzed with fear.

CHRIS

Dad, I know what to do! I saw it on Fox's "When Bears Attack".

Chris steps forward, plants his feet apart and starts waving his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Go away! Go on, get! Stay tuned for an all-new "Ally McBeal"!

The bear backs off and walks away, intimidated.

PETER

Holy crap! Chris, that was amazing! I mean, I just froze up, but you handled that bear like a real man. I'm proud of you, son.

CHRIS

You are? 'Cause I heard what you said about my huge... you know.

PETER

Oh. Oh, y-you heard that, huh? Well, I was just being stupid. Take * it from me, your endowment is a * blessing. I mean, every guy you see with a big house, or a fancy car, or a shiny gold tooth is really just saying, "don't look at my penis." But you'll never have to worry about that. And one day you're gonna be with the woman you love, and she's gonna say, "Ow! Ouch, ouch! Wait.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

You're hurting me." And when she does, I want you to call me. Because that's something I've never heard.

CHRIS

I will, Dad! I promise!

Peter puts his arm around Chris and they start walking away through the woods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You know Dad, I just realized somethin'. Your name's "Peter"!

There is a beat.

PETER

You're right. It is. (CHUCKLES) "Peter".

Chris **giggles** as Peter **laughs**. Their intensity increases as they walk into the distance.

END OF SHOW